Editorial
Mike Comber
Jonathan descendant

Welcome to this issue of the Carey newsletter. My apologies for no newsletter last year, this was not intentional at the start of 2003 but matters overtook me with first Ruth having a stroke in the early part of the year, then Pam and I heading for Australia for a six week break with daughter and family. When we returned in October I really have to honestly say I didn’t feel like settling down to compile a newsletter. So here we are! I hope this issue will make up for the missing one.
You will read elsewhere the results of our questionnaire but it was very clear the majority of members were not interested in reunions, therefore the committee have concurred and cancelled the booking made at Bloomsbury. What the members were interested in was to maintain the newsletter; so this means you as a member must take more responsibility for providing material for the newsletter. This can include family news as included later under the title ‘comings and goings’; family history; memories; extracts from biographies; photographs or other pictures (originals will be returned as soon as possible, and not damaged); the list could go on. If it interests you then it will also interest others. Do not leave the newsletter just to the editor! Finally thanks to all who have provided material this time.

Chairman
Ruth Wrigley
Jonathan descendant

It was about a year ago that we sent out questionnaires to all our members in order to get your views on the future of the association.
We received responses from most of you and for these we are most grateful - they were detailed and gave us the information we needed to provide you with what you want from the association.
The outcome of the investigation is
1) That you most definitely want the association to continue.
2) That you want the Newsletter to continue and with no change to its format.
3) That the maintenance of the family tree is important to all as is the provision of the address list for maintaining contact with family members.
4) That the provision of information on sources of original manuscripts and memorabilia also on places of interest with Carey connections, should be maintained.
All this is very positive and good news.
5) The biennial family gathering has to be discontinued, due to lack of support. Many of you have liked the idea of such a gathering but have found it impossible to attend.
We have received one or two suggestions that a residential weekend might be more attractive for members - perhaps we should consider this at some future date.
6) You will remember that the original aims of the association were listed in the questionnaire and a new aim was added to that list - it was that we donate funds to Serampore college from any surplus we have from our subscriptions after costs have been met. This received enthusiastic support from everyone and in view of this we are sending £350.

In conclusion thank you for helping us to decide the way forward for the association.

On behalf of us all a very big ‘thank you’ to Mike Comber who is responsible for the Newsletter, and the family tree; also to David Allen our Treasurer who looks after our funds without which we would not function at all; not forgetting Kay Carey whose wisdom, knowledge and enthusiasm is an inspiration to us all.

**Secretary’s Report**

Sally Edwards
Jabez descendant
The Carey Family Committee sat for this year’s meeting on April 3, 2004

Present were: Ruth, Kay, David, Jeremy, Mike and Sally.

Mike apologised for there being no newsletter last year due to other commitments and ill health amongst the committee members.

Treasurer’s report

David reported that there have been some members who have withdrawn from membership and one new family member.

The current bank balance is £1116.53

Questionnaire

The questionnaire that was sent out last year had a response from 28 members with an overwhelming response to continue with the Association, but only 5 members agreed to continue with the annual or biannual reunions.

100% of the respondents wanted to have the newsletter continue.

Newsletter

Mike is putting this together again this year, and as usual requested family news.

Family Tree

There are now over 3000 people registered on the Family Tree, which is now on the William Carey College website in Missouri, USA. Mike will send the college our newsletter and any photos he has. One member has expressed an interest in building a Carey Family Association website.

Carey Memorial Fund

Kay suggested that £350 donation to Serampore College is the memorial fund to Michael’s memory.

AOB

There has been correspondence with a student from Serampore, Marina Ngursangzeli, who is completing her doctorate and has asked the Association to support her in her stay in England to undertake some research. The committee took the decision to add £300 to the £300 grant from BMS which will go a fair way to supporting Marina while she is in the UK.

The committee will next meet in April, 2005.

**Treasurer's and Membership Report**

David Allen
Eustace descendant

We currently have 36 paid-up individual members and two honorary members (Jessie Ridge and Kay Carey).

We have gained one new member during the past year, namely, Stuart Carey of Derby, who is a descendant of Eustace Carey by his first marriage. He is most welcome.

We also have two institutional members, namely, the Carey Baptist Grammar School, of Kew, Victoria, Australia, and the William Carey College, of Mississippi, USA.

The Committee has recently agreed to make two payments out of the Association’s funds:

A donation of £350 to Serampore College, to be regarded as being in memory of Michael Carey. Dr Lalchungnuga, the Director of the College, has indicated that it will be used for something significant in Michael’s memory.

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Dr Lalchungnuga sitting on William Carey’s couch.

A grant of £300 to Mrs Marina Ngursangzeli, an Indian Student doing her Doctorate of Theology, who has chosen as her thesis the interaction between William Carey and the British East India Company in the period 1800-1833 i.e. the period after Dr Carey was appointed Lecturer/Professor of Languages at Fort William College by the East India Company. Marina is particu-
larly examining why the East India Company, despite being against Christian missionaries, appointed one to an important post in a college that was training its civil servants, and also why William Carey accepted the post. Marina is visiting the UK for a month later this year to research the available archives here. Serampore College have agreed to pay her fare, and we and the Baptist Missionary Society will each be making a grant of £300 towards the costs of her stay in the UK.

After the above two payments have been made, the Association will have £477 in hand.

Email reply from Marina Ngursangzeli to David Allen

Dear Mr. Allen,

Thank you and the Carey Family Association for the very generous help of 300 pounds that you have granted towards my stay in the UK. I cannot thank the Association enough for their help. Yes, the money will be of immense help when I get to the U.K. and I would also like to thank Mr. Comber for all the help, he has given. Please convey my thanks to the members of the Association for believing in my work, despite the fact that I had no references when I first wrote asking for help, and also for working closely with the BMS. I have no doubt that the Association would have discussed my work and my proposed trip with them and would have played an important role in their decision to grant me an additional 300 pounds. I will be forwarding your letter to SATHRI to assure them of getting help to meet living costs while in the U.K. and will now be discussing with them the time when I should finalize my dates for the trip. As soon as I am able to do this, I will let you know.

It is my prayer that through my work I will deserve the help you have given me.

Thanking you once again.

W ith b est  w i sh es ,

Marina Ngursangzeli

Serampore news

The day before the Carey Day Celebration functions on 16th August their theology students and teachers organised the cleaning of Carey Cemetery and the streets from there to Serampore College. They all got soaked in the rain but ‘they did it with joy and the wetness did not deter them.’ An old shopkeeper by the roadside asked them why they did it. Did they get paid? They told him they did it voluntarily because of William Carey. He gave them Rs 100.

There are plans to build a “meditation centre” on the bank of the Hooghly River by the Mission Church. This is the site of the first baptisms in Serampore. The college has at present 130 theology students. Unfortunately there is much local opposition to “missionary work” but they can be used in cleaning the churches and cemetery and they also help the Samaritans who carry out work with drug addicts and also with children at St Olave’s Church in Serampore during the week.

A member of the Theology staff, Peter Singh, has spent six months in Hamburg as part of his doctoral studies. His research subject is ‘The challenges of information technology and the digital divide for the formulation of a cyber theology’. What would William Carey have made of that? This question brought a response from John Hudson a member of Friends of Serampore:

‘I think the answer lies in understanding William Ward and his contribution to Serampore. He was a printer, an engineer, metallurgist, teacher, manager and creative artist (in his font designs). He brought to India leading edge technology in a steam printer. He taught Indian craftsmen to maintain and make copies of the printer. He was so successful that after the fire that wrecked the printing hall he was able to restart within months.

‘After he died there was no let up in the printing press, in fact Carey was so confident in the staff that he launched two newspapers.

‘In 1818 Carey described the

Attempt great things for God
purpose of Serampore College as to teach Indian philosophy and western science. William Ward had been teaching western science ever since he arrived.

“A 21st century William Ward would have gone with the latest computer software, he would have implemented Unicode (the computer alphabet that covers all known languages) and he would have published Carey’s translations and books on Indian flora and fauna on the Serampore website.

‘Carey was aware of the work of the members of the Lunar Society, non-conformist scientists and thinkers, before he went to India. He would have welcomed anyone who could provide him with the latest technology to use in the service of God and the people of India.’

Comment by Dr Lalchungnunga: ‘we always value your memories and support. The Carey Family Association and Friends of Serampore are always in our hearts and prayers. We observed moments to remember our obituary for Michael Carey during the meeting of the Working Committee of the College Council on 26 September (2002).

The Carey reunion 2002
Kay Carey
Jonathan descendant
I had so many letters and cards from family and friends when Michael died that I was a bit overwhelmed and was not able to answer them all so I thought that I would make amends by sending you an account of the CFA meeting that we had on October 12th. We returned to the hall where we first met up ten years ago, in Bloomsbury Central Baptist church. The room has been refurbished and is now a very attractive venue so we have decided to use it again in two years time. However, we were disappointed that only twelve members were able to be there.

Our speakers were Jennie and Steve Bunning, daughter and son-in law of Edward and Rosemary Williams (Secretaries of Friends of Serampore). They are both teachers and specialise in the instruction of disabled children. They were granted a sabbatical term off school in order to visit India to see if they could pass on some of their expertise. They were based at Serampore College which Jennie already knew as her father was a lecturer there many years ago and she spent the first 10 years of her life in Serampore, but Steve had never visited a third world country before and he said that he found it all a bit overwhelming at first especially as his first impressions were gained from walking the streets of Calcutta and seeing all the people living on the streets. However they were
able to help the College in many ways and Steve was also able to advise them on the business side as he also has qualifications in business management.

Some of the College students help out at the Cheshire Home just down the road and Jennie and Steve were able to offer advice there too as there are a number of disabled inmates there. Dr. Lal, the principal of Serampore College, was able to obtain a permit for them to visit his home state of Mizoram in the north west of the country. It is normally a restricted area for foreigners but it is a spectacular mountainous region, though poor and health facilities are few. Steve and Jennie spent a month helping out at a school for disabled children. Jennie specialises in autistic children at the school tremendously. They were able to do some travelling and visited the Taj Mahal and Darjeeling as well, of course, Calcutta many times. Their description of their travels on Indian trains brought back many memories to me! They showed some of the pictures that they had taken and that made the talk even more interesting. I asked Steve if he would ever think of returning to India because of his initial shock and he said that he couldn’t wait to get back because it is such a fascinating country and the people are so friendly. He was very impressed with the esteem in which Serampore College is held among the educated class but stressed the problems that they have financially as they get no help from the government with the salaries of the theological staff. Also, because of the low salaries of the staff who are all highly qualified people, they find it difficult to pay for the education of their own children and tend to move on to Calcutta where there is more choice of good schools. It was a most interesting talk and we could have gone on listening to them.

Young soldiers in the First World War
Mike Comber
Two young descendants of Felix Carey sons of the Rev Henry Hudson Anderson and Catherine Anderson of New Norfolk, Tasmania were both killed quite early during their army service.

Kenneth Henry Anderson enlisted in the Australian Infantry on 25 January 1915 and is listed as a Second Lieutenant; he joined his battalion in Gallipoli in May 1915. By 9 May 1915 he was killed, with dates on his Casualty Form being very erratic, as obviously the whole situation in the area was very difficult to follow. A Rev R Gillon buried him in the Shrapnel Valley cemetery; the position given was 25 yards on the north side of the road.

‘Into the water they leapt, they rushed and across the beach,
With impetuous shout, all inspired beyond men, climbed and were over the crest
As a flame leaps over a wall.’

From a poem by Laurence Binyon on Gallipoli.

His brother, Donald James Carey Anderson enlisted on the 10 September 1914 and also joined the Australian Infantry. He had a varied military career embarking for Gallipoli from Alexandria in April 1915 but over a period of two months he was in and out of
hospital with possibly dysentery, finally he was transferred to Lemnos, then in August he rejoined his unit in Gallipoli, but within a short time was again in hospital, finally embarking on the Aquitania for England where he arrived on 28 September 1915. By February 1916 he was in Ghezireh then on to Tel el Kebir, where he rejoined his unit on 20 February 1916. In March the unit left Alexandria arriving in France in April 1916. Donald was killed in action on 17 August 1916 in the Somme. He was buried 1000 yards southwest of Pozieres with his name inscribed on the Villers-Bretonneux Memorial.

When the Australians left the battlefield in September 1916 23,000 soldiers had been killed or injured, that is half the four divisions that had fought there.

On November 11 1916 Cyril Fuller Carey a young New Zealand soldier, a Second Lieutenant in the Canterbury Regiment, was killed at Sling Camp on the Salisbury Plain.

He was training young soldiers in grenade throwing when one threw a grenade badly and Cyril placed himself between the grenade and the trainee soldiers. He is buried at Tidworth Military Cemetery.

Projects in India
Shelagh Woodhouse
Jonathan descendant
In 1993 a friend and I travelled to India to find a project that we could support both by raising money and visiting. I had been to India several times before in recent years, but my travelling companion had not been back since 1948 when her family was forced to leave because of Independence and Partition. She had been born in India and was 13yrs old when she left.

Our trip had three main purposes:
1) to visit places (and people) which Diana had known as a child, 
2) to see some of ‘the sights’ 
3) to find a project with which we could help and become personally involved.

We left the UK on Nov 3rd 1993 and flew to New Delhi via Moscow on Aeroflot, which was the cheapest flight we could find. It was a pretty uneventful journey, and we arrived in New Delhi in the small hours of Nov 4th. The airport has a passenger lounge where tea and coffee is available, and it’s a comfortable place to rest and wait for day light before heading off into the town.

Visitors to India either love it or loathe it, and I must confess to falling in the former category. My first trip was in 1976, and I have been back almost every other year since then. It is noisy, crowded and polluted (at least in the towns) but once having become accustomed to people all around all the time, it is not in the slightest intimidating, and is one of the safest countries in which I have ever travelled.

From the airport there is a mini bus run by the Exserviceman’s Association, which is a fixed price, and will take passengers to virtually any destination in the city. On that trip we were staying at the Tourist Camp, now sadly closed down, and the bus took us there after doing a circuit of other hotels and guesthouses. The Tourist Camp was situated between Old Delhi and New Delhi on a fairly noisy and busy road, but once inside the gate it was an oasis of peace. It was one of the cheapest and safest places to stay, a large area with earth floored huts dotted across it, and an open space for tents. In the centre was the shower block, and there was also a small restaurant that served drinks and light meals. A ‘guard-man’ who checked all those coming in an out manned the gate. When we arrived Kay and Mike (my parents) were staying there during one of their trips around the sub-continent, and it was a delight to see them as we walked through the gate.

We spent the first few days going around Delhi visiting Diana’s childhood home and haunts, and meeting a fascinating range of people from the Director of All India Radio to the servants who were living and working at her previous house. To complete the first aim of our trip we went up to Shimla where she was at school, and where her grandparents had a house which we
were able to visit and received a wonderful welcome from the current owners. As you can imagine, this part of our trip was nostalgic and at times emotional, but unbelievably satisfying.

The ‘touristy’ bit was just that. We visited the Red Fort and the Jama Masjid Mosque in Delhi, travelled down for a long day trip to see the Taj Mahal and then went up into the foothills of the Himalayas to the Kullu valley. That in particular was a wonderful journey. It took place over the festival of Diwali (the festival of lights) and we had an overnight bus trip back to Delhi through the mountains with candles flickering in hundreds of windows of distant village houses.

To find a project that we could support we started off by seeking help from the British Council. An official there suggested we should contact the All India Women’s Conference (AIWC) whose main office is in central Delhi. We called there that same day, and it was the best advice we could have been given. The AIWC is an organisation that has a network of branches across the whole of India and is run by women for the advancement of women. Margaret Cousins, an Irish woman who was a follower of Gandhi, and who spent many years with him in his ashram in Ahmedabad, founded it. Gandhi believed that the most effective way to change society was through its women and their influence on their children, and this is the philosophy of the AIWC. We met some very powerful women, many of whom were retired from senior positions in education and the law. The President is a paid official, elected by the members, as is the finance officer and the vice-president, but nearly all the day-to-day work and the management of the different projects is done by volunteers. We explained our purpose in being there, and were introduced to several projects that were running in and around Delhi. At the Headquarters building was a candle project where women were making candles that were then sold to large hotels and embassies. The women workers were paid a small amount, allowing them some financial independence, and any other profits were ploughed back into the project. We went to a leper colony just outside the city (you may remember that William Carey also gave a lot of help to lepers). AIWC was supporting a nursery school in the colony to try and help the children escape the stigma, which still exists, of coming from a family in which leprosy has been a problem even though the children have never suffered from it themselves and their parents are largely cured.

One of two projects we decided to support was an old age home in a city called Vrindaban, about 2hrs from Delhi. This place is revered as being the home of Krishna and is considered very holy. It is thought to be a good place to live out the end of one’s life, and in which to die, and large numbers of elderly widows find their way there after the death of their husbands. There is no State support for the elderly and sadly, in rural areas, when the head of the household dies often the wife of the son who becomes the new head (and sometimes the son himself) forces the widowed old lady to leave the family home. She has no one else to support her, and ends up in Vrindaban earning a bowl of rice for chanting 8hrs a day for the souls of the families of wealthy people. The AIWC set up an old-age home there, and although but a drop in the ocean it offers a refuge for the very elderly and sick. There is a mother and baby home on the same site, for young women who have run away from violent marriages into which their families often forced them, and the two groups support and educate each other. We raised enough money to enable the home to expand by another 18 beds and support a doctor to visit once a week, and we are now trying to help them pay for an animal fence to keep out the bullocks and goats that get in and destroy the garden in which they grow vegetables. It is very humbling to be part of this project; the old ladies’ expectations are so low they are embarrassingly grateful for even
the smallest help. The amounts we are able to give are tiny in western terms and yet they can do so much good.

The other project that we supported was in a village in rural Rajasthan. We were introduced to a Professor at the University of Jaipur who had been working in the village for over 20yrs and the particular way in which we agreed to help was by raising money to build a Clinic for the women and children in the village. The nearest medical facility was several miles distant, and the only way to get to it was in a bullock cart over dirt roads. If the villagers had a clinic then the Government would fund a doctor to visit it two or three times a week. We gave them £1500, which we raised in a year, and the following year we were able to give another £200 to pay for a fridge so that medicines and other medical requirements could be kept. By then a nurse was working there full time and the various projects running in the village were very established so we felt we could quietly withdraw.

The need in India is immense and whatever one does it can only touch the surface. However it really is so rewarding to get involved in a ‘hands-on’ way, and we have received much more than we have given. We have been so privileged to meet some fascinating people, and have been allowed into people’s homes and lives in a way that would never have been possible if we were just tourists in the Country. Since we first became involved with the AIWC we have been back to India four more times and other trips are in our mind. Those of you who were at the CFA meeting in 2000 will have heard Diana and I talking about our travels and these projects, but for those who were not able to attend I hope this brief account has given you a flavour. We would be happy to ‘entertain’ you (or any group) on another occasion with other stories, and perhaps this little description will spur you to visit and see India yourselves.

My grandfather and my life
Ruth Wrigley

It was about five years ago that I had a chance meeting with a friend in Chichester. I was on the way to the theatre for a committee meeting and Alan was on his way home after shopping in the town. We stopped for a brief chat and in conclusion Alan said to me that I should stop working for the theatre to give myself more time to nurture my spiritual life. Alan died about two years after this meeting but I had not forgotten these words and recalled them again when attending his funeral. Eventually the Chichester Theatre Society in which I had been very involved for 29 years was taken over by the Theatre Administration now known as Friends of the Theatre. At last I have more time to spend on other activities and indeed one is my spiritual life. One’s spirituality is very much influenced by parents and family, friends, schoolteachers, books and other literature, and “church” and other forces. At the top of my list are my parents and my grandfather - Samuel Pearce Carey. My father’s father we never knew as he died when my father was thirteen years old, but we were fortunate to have a very loving and devoted grandpa in S.P.C.

As far back as I can remember we were lucky enough to have wonderful summer holidays in Dittisham, on the River Dart in S Devon, with Carey (Graziano), her parents and her grandparents and one year we spent Christmas with them; this was the year when Granny cooked Christmas lunch and left the dishcloth in the turkey with the stuffing much to everyone’s delight! Grandpa and Granny, who died 1938, lived with Carey at Gurrow Point until then, so we got to know him well. In 1938 Grandpa went to live in Dawlish with

Lucy, Ada and S P Carey outside 9 Hatcher Street, Dawlish

Expect great things from God
Dawlish at least once a term. I remember well talking with Grandpa on one of these occasions, he was reminiscing about the wonderful life he had been privileged to live, and greatly enjoyed, but now he was very weary and was ready to move on into the new life he was assured was awaiting him. He lived until 1953 when he was 91 years old, a lovely man. No wonder he was loved wherever he went. I hope members of our association will be interested to read these Reminiscences of his life. Here is what he wrote in one excerpt:

**My first church**

From S P Carey’s Reminiscences

I was longer than my contemporaries in reaching the ministry, because I was bent on the MA, and then on studentship in Gottingen, towards which I dwelt in Hamburg for the learning of German - a dream, however, never realised –like other later hopes and dreams. So I can never put into adequate words the rapture of being wanted and trusted as the minister and teacher of an English Baptist Church. Nor the sense of the tremendous spiritual responsibility of such a call and trust and honour. Only two out of the considerable membership of Yorkshire Street, Burnley, voted against me - Anthony Lawson and his wife - these became my fondest friends, never able to forgive themselves for their part in that Church ballot.

This called me for the first time to England’s North, where men, rather than trees are reckoned to be grown. I could from the beginning understand their vocabulary and dialect, but I could never reproduce it like a native. But I quickly discovered their truth-ness as of finest steel. I used to tease them as like cocoanuts, with hirsute wrapping and hard shell, but with the sweet milk of human kindness for all who knew just where and how to bore.

I was braced and blessed, but also, thank God, sobered by the absolute freedom of the pulpit; as also by the chivalrous co-operation of Richard Littlehales, who had won that freedom for all his successors, and had taught the folk to expect and require the frank and fearless exposition of God’s Word. It was the very air I could thrive in.

I loved the building too; for my conception of preaching has always been intimate self-communication, and Yorkshire Street was ideal for that, pulpit and pew being so in touch with each other. The seniors in the vestry were life-deacons. The method may be open to criticism, but, in this particular instance, the product was superb. The one blemish was a tendency to tarry in the vestry after the service had begun. Not so, Mr John Heap however, who was wont to say, “Excuse me brethren, I’m going into the church to hear the pastor read the Word of God!”

For I agreed with McColl, of Paris, that, if the Lord had ordained two orders of His Ministry, one for the reading and the other for the preaching of His Word, I would have coveted to be a reader.

Some of these first deacons of mine were exercising a considerable influence on Burnley’s commercial, civic, magisterial and educational life, and thus the church: was salt in the earth, light in the sky, hill-top-city-guidance for wayfarers and lamps for men’s homes. I could be very happy concerning them.

We had not been expected, when in College, to join Dr Clifford’s church in Westbourne Park, but he was my denominational hero, and he came all the way to us for my ordination day, and I was blest with his friendship to his life’s end. I remember asking him, as my guest, if he smoked, “No, Carey,” he said, “I’m not old enough, but my sons are.”

Amongst our young men, as also in close-by ‘Ebenezer’, there was a positive ardour for the ministry - Edward Smith, J. W. Walker and R. B. Hoyle achieving their ambitions and rendering fine service. The last in the face of very heavy handicaps - won his way into the rank of an acknowledged...
N.T. scholar. Before he entered Regent’s though his chances had been very meagre, he recited to me, one of the shorter epistles of Paul in the original Greek.

It was inspiring in those days to have near us Charles Williams, of Accrington, with his fearless advanced Liberalism; and Alexander MacLaren, England’s then supreme expositor and preacher; and Hugh Stowell Brown, a potent pulpit voice in Liverpool; and William Medley, in Rawdon, a reincarnate Plato-and-aphorist John. A constellation of brilliances in our local firmament! One day I watched MacLaren in our Association Committee, and almost trembled at his eyes, which ever and again, flashed into fire. And, on another day, I heard Medley say, “Belief is faith embodied, but Creed is faith encrusted, and I have never heard that a crustacean was the highest form of animal or man”.

Carey Hargreaves, one of my deacons, gave me an Easter week-end trip to Killarney and Glengariff. On a coach-run from one to the other, coachee had pointed out to me the devil’s punch-bowl and the devil’s cheese-ring, etc., etc. When I exclaimed that the devil seemed to have a good deal of property in those parts, quick as lightning he replied, “Faith and sure he has, sir, but loike the rest of the landlords, his estates are in Oireland, but he resoides in England.”

An oarsman, rowing us down the, Killarney Lakes, told us a yarn of one, who upon hearing that the lake just there was of unfathomable depth, stripped and dived in, and the next morning a cable was received from Australia asking for his clothes! It was the best of good fortune for me that all my time Hartley Jackson a ‘cello and organ genius, was in command just behind me. For anniversaries he would provide such a day’s programme of exquisite music that the church was crowded and the offerings soared high. On my return to my first pulpit after 50 years of denominational service, though the rain streamed down on the Saturday evening fellowship, the schoolroom was crowded, and William Hargreaves put on the screen photos of all the old saints and worthies, greatly refreshing my memories, and the minister, Rev. G. C. Thompson, M A, though he and I had never before met, made the welcome chivalrously his own, without a touch of jealousy. When it was all over, a lassie said to me, “Gosh! Haven’t we had a splendid evening!”

And my deepest joy was when one and another of the old folk said to me, “You baptised me, you remember,” and I knew that they had been loyal and devoted to the Christ ever since. Surely a Baptist minister is the most enviable of men!

My Early Years

Shelagh Stannard Jabez descendant

I was born on Christmas Day 1916, weighing in at over 11 lbs, to the strains of a local brass band, in Moradabad, India. The first child of my parents Gertrude Theresa Leahy, born in Pimlico, London, one of 13 children, and Charles Howard Wood, born in India, one of 5 children. Both parents were about 23 years old. At this time my father was employed by the Indian Railways and was, I think, Assistant Station Master at Moradabad.

My first memory is of standing beside a hot, sandy, grassless airfield somewhere in Mesopotamia, now Iraq, clutching my mother's skirt and watching a small aeroplane crashing with a loud explosion and being enveloped in flames. I then saw a burning mass detach itself from the wreckage and start moving away from it towards the-airport buildings. My mother covered my eyes and it was years later that she told me that the moving flame was the pilot and that he had died of his burns. I also recall looking over the edge of a deep gorge and having my straw hat knocked off my head by a huge golden eagle. This happened when I was about three years old.

We lived in a house that was built partly underground; the skylights were at ground level and had to be shut quickly when sandstorms threatened, nevertheless when the storm was over there would be a pile of sand beside every crack in door or window. It was terrifying being caught in a sandstorm, the grit got into eyes, nose, ears and mouth, and into one’s food also. It was difficult to see or breathe through it. In the cool of the evenings I used to toddle out into the desert a
short way, watched by my parents, and sit down and play my mouth organ. This used to bring out a family of desert foxes that would sit around me in a wide circle at a respectful distance listening to the music, or so I thought; more probably they were thinking what a tasty morsel this plump young thing would be! We used to see Bedouin camel caravans coming in from the desert villages loaded with produce to sell to the townsfolk and would buy huge bunches of fresh dates from them as they passed by. Sometimes they would camp near our house and then we had to endure the noise of brawling camels all night! I wonder why they are such bad tempered creatures!

Our next move was to a place in Iraq called Kut-el-Amara, situated between two rivers, the Tigris and the Euphrates. Nearby were some wonderful old ruins; Ur of the Chaldees probably the site of Abraham’s early home. It is an ancient Sumerian city where important excavations were done in 1854 and again in this century. The excavated graves and other discoveries have thrown valuable light on the period subsequent to the ‘Flood’ and have added much to modern archaeology. Legend has it that this area was the site of the Garden of Eden and possibly of the Tower of Babel. It must have been in about 1920 that there was an Arab rebellion in this area of Iraq, and my father was advised to send me and my mother away for safety reasons. All the other wives and children had already left so we embarked on a paddle steamer to sail down the river Tigris to Basra. Mother was too nervous to go below to our cabin so we stayed huddled on deck listening to the bullets whirling overhead as the warring Arab factions shot at each other across the river; the ship was sailing in complete darkness and moving very slowly and quietly so as not to attract attention. When we reached Basra, there was not a single vacant hotel room anywhere so we were very grateful to a friend of ours who offered to put us up; he happened to be the Governor of the local prison and all his servants were prisoners. At table we were waited on by a murderer shackled at wrist and ankle and followed closely by a warder! What I remember most of this time was being stung by a hornet on the back of my leg, it actually dug out a bit of my flesh and to this day I have a small round hole in my calf to show for it. These insects used to haunt butcher’s shops, sitting on the meat, which would be on open display, and cutting out bits to carry away to their nests.

After some months the political situation cooled somewhat and my mother decided we had better return to Kut so back we went. Mother was the only white woman to do so and the Authorities thought my father was mad to let her. But then, he was always doing crazy things! There was nowhere to go and nothing to do in Kut; the only social life was what one made oneself, visiting friends and giving parties and so on. The only place we could go for a walk was in the local churchyard and it was here that, I am told, I must have seen a ghost. My mother, who was pregnant at the time, was sitting on a gravestone while I went off playing amongst the other stones, then I came back to her saying I had seen a child standing there with a very bad cut on her head; mother went to the spot, there was no one there but she noticed that the inscription on a nearby tombstone referred to a child who had died in an accident. She was so shaken that she rushed me off home at once.

The arrival of my sister in 1921 was an unpleasant shock! I was lifted up to look into her pram and did not like what I saw - this small wizened thing was not the playmate I’d been promised. However, I made the best of it and eventually we became good friends! My mother was a pretty young woman and the doctor who attended her was an impressionable young man obviously smitten by her good looks. On one of his post natal visits to the house he leaned too heavily on the pram handles whilst chatting up mother, down they went and up went the baby over the side and into the sand! Fortunately no ill effects...
hysteries, and father threatened to have him struck off! My parents were very musical; they both had good singing voices, so mother used to sing while father accompanied her on the violin. But they were also a very quarrelsome couple and used to have many fights. Father was a very jealous man and I rather think that mother gave him cause sometimes! She was an excellent shot with a plate of porridge, but she never did it again after father poured a glass of icy cold water down the inside of her dress in retaliation. After a quarrel father would storm out of the house and mother would console herself by putting on the gramophone. Always mournful music; like Caruso’s ‘O Solo Mio’ or Barcarolle. This probably accounts for my dislike of music to this day; it makes me mad and uncomfortable. I recall sitting on my mother's knee crying my eyes out while Barcarolle was being played. I couldn't bear to hear it for many years afterwards without getting a lump in my throat.

Once I was caught in a cinema fire with my mother, she carried me out with a crush of people around us with a teenage girl screaming in panic and thumping me on the back. It must be about this time that I got a severe attack of Colitis due to eating too many ice creams at a cinema show, so they said, but probably it was a bug I picked up. It must have been pretty nasty for me to remember it after so many years.

We spent some little time in Baghdad and had a nanny called Annie. She was an Armenian and she and her family had fled from their home because of Turkish repression. Mother was given a sweet little bird as a pet, a lark I think, it was so tame that it used to hop about the table at meal times helping itself from our plates. One day Annie had taken me out for a walk when we found a scrappy stray cat. I fell in love with it and insisted on bringing it home; it took one look at the lark, pounced on it and ate it up. Horror all around and I've never forgotten it. Mother was very distressed. We seemed to be doing quite well financially at this time; Mother had a fur coat and father had two cars, one of which had a dicky seat at the back that we children loved to sit in.

Carey Grammar School, Melbourne
Mike Comber
The Carey School is a coeducational grammar school in Melbourne, Australia. The Archives Department joined the CFA last year as a group member.
It has a wide-ranging curriculum covering such subjects as sport, drama, music, public speaking and environmental studies. Senior pupils recently put on a play, ‘Cloudstreet’, based on the book by Tim Winton and set in Perth, Western Australia. One set of junior pupils put on a musical ‘Honk’, a variation of the ugly duckling theme, with a cast of 150 pupils.
An art study tour was undertaken to Yuendumu, an isolated settlement some 200 miles north of Uluru – a ‘community in conditions that belong in the Third World’.

Experiments were made using a lot of different materials to produce pictures. Community service is developed in the school from an early stage – students being encouraged to develop an appreciation of Christian commitment. Service to others is both local and international. Music is considered important and is also taken to areas less fortunate than Carey School. Recently a pupil and master visited Nauru, a small island in the central Pacific that has been devastated by phosphate mining. Whilst there the master returned several pianos and they both held some music reading classes and choral rehearsals. They aim to raise money to
allow two Nauru students to visit Melbourne each year to train in music and then return to Nauru to teach their own people. Outdoor education is actively encouraged with camps in a variety of venues to develop an appreciation of the environment.

**A trip to Buckingham Palace**

by Richard Carey

Jabez descendant

It was the first of those days, when the sun was wall to wall, last February on the 13th that I, like Christopher Robin with Alice, went down to Buckingham Palace.

It all started at the beginning of November, when I was, most unusually for me, taken to my bed with a virus, that I received ‘the letter’ from 10 Downing Street, in which it stated that ‘the Prime Minister was minded to recommend me to the Queen etc, etc’. If I wished to accept, then I had to tick the appropriate box, return it post haste and keep it all to myself. So the best thing to do was to forget all about it until the end of December! The 31st December dawned bright and beautiful and I took up the Telegraph and coffee to my wife, Christine, in bed with a note that p.26 made interesting reading and then retired a safe distance. It was not too long before screams were heard!

It is amazing how many people read the Honours List. It was not long before the telephone began to ring! When our cleaner arrived, she came into my office in my barn to say that she had heard about a ‘Mr. Carey’ on the local radio news on her way in – was this me? So, we all listened to the next news and there was mention of William Carey of Edenbridge. An easy mistake to make, as my first name is William, of course, as I am in a direct line from Jabez, but I am known by my second name of Richard. So I thought that I had better telephone them to put them right. Big mistake!

As I was on the phone, would I mind being interviewed, they said! So, all the next news broadcasts included my interview, which really gave the background to the honour. The citation read ‘for services to the St. Clement Danes Holborn Estate Charity’, where I have been a Trustee since 1976 and Chairman for the last 17 years. This charity was founded in 1551 and started with some land and buildings in what is now known as High Holborn in London, where they now have large office blocks. The charity has its own Almshouses in Sydenham, supports a secondary school (St. Clement Danes) in Chorleywood and assists the needy in Westminster. My late father, Basil Carey, was a Trustee before me, so my involvement is in the family blood, and Christine and I were married in St. Clement Danes Church.

I was permitted to take three guests, which is lucky otherwise my two daughters, Caroline and Elizabeth, would have had to toss a coin! We decided to travel by car, as it is possible to park inside the inner quadrangle of Buckingham Palace and where do you put all the hats on a commuter train! We all waited outside for the allotted time – no admission before 10.00, or after 10.30 – so, we were early like everyone else. Then, after a major security check of the car and its occupants by Special Branch, we sedately drove through the gates at the front, past the sentries and inside through the arch. Footmen and cavalry everywhere! I was soon parted from my family, as they were taken directly to the Grand Ballroom.

All recipients were led to different roped holding areas and their identities checked and rechecked. The hook was placed on my top pocket and it was then explained in words of one syllable exactly what we were, and were not, to do! We were then marched in groups of about ten, in alphabetical order by class of honour, to be invested. Unfortunately, the Queen was unable to perform this Investiture, as she was still using a walking stick after her knee operation (she needs two hands to pin a medal on!), so I had Prince Charles to do the honours, literally. And very good he was, too!
Everything is done with military precision – a well-oiled machine. The band played, people walked into the ballroom on cue, didn’t fall over when they walked backwards after receiving their medal and retired through the other side.

In 75 minutes, Prince Charles had invested 115 people, but no one felt that they had been rushed. They have it down to a fine art!

Afterwards, we had to queue for the usual photographs outside and jolly cold it was out of the sun! Recently, they have installed cameras to record the event and, for a princely sum, they produce a personalized video of the whole proceedings. So, with a deep breath, I ordered one, as it is unlikely that I shall be invited to do this again!

So, by then it was lunchtime. Where could I go in morning dress and not be taken for a waiter! The answer was to push the boat out and go to The Ritz, of course, just the other side of Green Park. We had an excellent lunch in what can only be described as London’s finest dining room.

So that was the end of my big day. My daughters went back to work and I drove my wife home for a glass of champagne. What did I get? It was an MBE – not as high as my grandfather, William H Carey, who received an OBE, but it gave my family and me a lot of pleasure.

Serampore College
Kay Carey

The Theology Department prospectus at the College includes the following extract: ‘The College encourages students to be as far as possible self-supporting or supported by their sponsors. The College, however, has a scholarship programme for students in great need of financial help. Scholarship grants are given with the understanding that the students, after they have completed their course and get into ministry, will reimburse one-third of the total amount they have received as scholarship grants. This is to help the College to have an ongoing resource to help the future needy students of the college.’

(Kay adds – it struck me that this example was something for our students to ponder re the present proposed legislation concerning student fees!)

The Rev S P Carey’s voyage to Australia
Mike Comber

Taken from his memoirs
In the autumn of 1899, at the age of 38, S P Carey was invited to the pastorate of Collins Street in Melbourne. Though happy in Woodgate, Loughborough he felt ready ‘for a great new adventure’, as was Alice his wife. So in February 1900 ‘Woodgate over- overflowed to us in the loving kindness of their farewell.’

First though he made a trip to America, at the expense of Collins Street, to observe Baptist Church life there. On his return to Liverpool his wife, Alice, was at the docks to meet him dressed in mourning black with the news that her mother had died. Alice’s father gave them the latest edition of Britannica Encyclopaedia and a painting of the Diamond Jubilee Service of Queen Victoria in Westminster Abbey signed by the artist. He thought everything in Australia would be so new and recent that he would counteract with the venerable and historic.

They departed from Liverpool in the first week of April 1900 and on the first evening of their voyage ‘we shouted our acclamations to Field-Marshall Sir George White and his brave men, as they were making for a home port from their Ladysmith triumph!’

At Gibraltar they climbed the steep paths of the Rock, he notes that it was quaint to watch young goats being led from cottage to cottage for the daily milk supply.

At Naples they had to choose

Expect great things from God
between climbing Vesuvius or walking the streets of Pompeii, ‘for our own and our children’s sakes we chose the education of the latter, and were greatly rewarded by the re-exposed streets, the deep ruts of the ancient wagon tracks, the restored balconies and loggias and the frescoes on the facades.’

They passed Stromboli with it’s smoke banner aglow with reflected fire from it’s interior. ‘The whole coastline to Reggio and Syracuse was alive for me with thoughts of St Paul sailing in the opposite direction.’

He continues ‘It’s a thrill to be leaving the West and making one’s first acquaintance with the so-different East, exchanging Europe for Asia; also fascinating in a carefully moving liner to be watching the close-at-hand traffic of that busy Canal, and then in the Gulf to get remote suggestions of Mt Sinai. The sea south of the Gulf may well be called Red. I have nowhere else seen sunsets so scarlet, nor such red reflections in the sea.’

Albany, southernmost corner of W Australia was their first landfall in that continent. ‘We were early on deck that Sunday morning for our first sights and impressions, and, behold! Handfuls of welcoming letters from Collins Street that made our hearts burn’.

When a Commissioner from Collins Street had visited Loughborough to see Carey the Midlands were wrapped in thick fog and the trains hours late. “Get out of this disgusting country.” He said, “and come to a land of sunshine.” So Carey did! But at every port they had entered the skies had been bright and clear, only Melbourne was thick with fog ‘of which I never let them hear the last.’ But ‘their wonderful welcome was all the sunshine we needed.’

Memorably it was Mafeking Day, 17th May 1900. ‘The city was swept into full excess of that event’. They however were resting in the home of their hosts the Hams. ‘Our children thought themselves in fairyland, with sweet juicy oranges growing in the garden and asking to be plucked’.

They were to be in Melbourne until 1909 when he returned to this country before heading to Stockton to take the pastorate there. He had six happy years in the north before reluctantly going to Portsmouth, where he stayed three years until 1918 when he took the pastorate in Niton for another three years. Here he had time to work on his forthcoming William Carey book, before moving to Calcutta ‘where life for me reached its peak in 1921…..with two objectives and commitments – the pastorate at Lower Circular Road Baptist Church and the revision and completion of my “Carey”’.

It’s a small world
Kay Carey
Some years ago a member of the Buttfield (Carey) family came to stay and to exchange data and photos of Jonathan Carey’s second wife, Sarah Buttfield. Our visitor, Marsam Pratt, also mentioned that he was researching his other relatives named Freegard but was having difficulty in tracing them. I knew that Ruth Wrigley’s daughter was Dr Sophia Freegard so Marsam telephoned her and found that this was indeed the Freegard family for which he was looking.

Last Spring (2003) I stayed with my daughter Shelagh and Chris, her husband, at their cottage in the south of France. While I was there a friend of Chris came to stay and I found that forty years ago we had lived next door to his grandparents and that he and his sister had played with Shelagh and her brothers long before he became friendly with Shelagh’s husband!

I spent Christmas 2003 with my brother in Florida. While there I visited an American friend who has recently retired to Boca Raton. Barbara told me that the first time that she visited her supermarket she bumped into a former New York neighbour whom she had not seen or heard from for thirty years and who had also retired to Boca Raton.

It is indeed a small world. Has anyone else any similar experiences?
Jessie Ridge’s 100th Birthday
Descendant of Ann Carey
Address by Dominic Hobson
in the Undercroft, Bishop’s Palace, Wells. 17 April 2003.

‘Reaching a hundred is, as every cricketer knows, a very special moment. Even that famously dour Yorkshireman, Geoffrey Boycott, said of his hundredth first class hundred - Headingley, 1977, fourth test against Australia, 110 not out at the end of the first day, that it was the happiest day of his life. I remember it well.

Well, Jessie has 36,525 days to choose from so far. But one thing I am absolutely sure about is that this day will always rank as one of her happiest. What I am also absolutely sure about is that she will not be celebrating it like Geoffrey Boycott. There will be no bottle of champagne in the bath tonight. There will certainly be no net in the morning.

In fact, the only thing Jessie has in common with Geoffrey Boycott is a fierce desire not to get out. Ron Bocking tells me that when he first knew Jessie, she assured him that she was bound to get an unplayable ball at 89, this being the age at which her mother had died. Well, it didn’t happen. And because it didn’t happen, we have a second, and even more unusual, pleasure to savour today than Jessie’s 100th birthday. We can all say to her, “Jessie, for once in your life, you were completely wrong.”

For it will surprise nobody here when I say that Jessie is a person of determined views; once her mind is set on a course, nothing can deflect her from it. I believe her father was the first to find this out. When Jessie was a teenager, she told him she wanted to be a doctor. In the 1920s this was not as common a calling for women as it is today, and his reluctance was understandable. Indeed, I am reliably assured – by a doctor of my acquaintance - that in those days women were allowed to study anatomy above the waist only.

But patriarchal fathers and prudishness are not the kind of obstacles Jessie respects. When her father refused to countenance her becoming a doctor, she went to the London Hospital and trained as a nurse instead. Inevitably - impressed, as so many of us are, by her determination and energy - her father relented. Jessie went to Edinburgh, trained as a doctor, and graduated in 1936.

She could have set up in private practice in a comfortable suburb such as New Barnet, where she was brought up, or East Sussex, where she lived from the early Sixties to the late 1990s. Instead, she volunteered to work overseas as a missionary doctor.

How typical it is - though Jessie spent only ten years or so in what is now Malawi, she has retained throughout her long life devotion both to the country and to its people.

Nothing exemplifies this better than the fact that we are honoured today by the presence among us of the High commissioner for Malawi – that most beautiful and blessed of all central African countries.

How well I remember too the doggedness with which Jessie pursued in the 1990s what would seem to many of us to be either trivial or hopeless or both: the restoration of the stained glass window in the church at the famous Livingstone Mission, founded in 1875 by Free Church of Scotland missionaries, and where Jessie had worked throughout the Second World War.

Yet it is in such small and determined acts that most of us will come to know Jessie's fidelity. Her fidelity to the ideas and ideals of the non-conformist Protestantism in which she was brought up. Truth, faith, duty, courage - above all, perseverance. After all, nobody gets to live

Expect great things from God
to a hundred without being willing to persevere.

Nobody sacrifices a potentially lucrative career in conventional medicine to work as a missionary doctor in Malawi, in Zambia, in Nigeria and in Papua New Guinea - unless they hear the call of truth and of faith. Nobody gives up a vocation so great to return to England to look after a parent, old and infirm, without understanding the meaning of duty. And nobody sets out at the age of 65 for Papua New Guinea, to work among lepers and consumptives in remote villages - unless they have great courage. In fact, nobody would do any of these things did they not know how to put themselves in the second place.

As Jessie herself put it when she returned from Papua in the early 1970s: "I can't go back to being a GP - I'd give all the patients leprosy." Instead, she threw herself, with customary single-mindedness, into a new passion: family history. Only people who have undertaken genealogical work of this kind will understand how painstaking it is. And how rewarding it can be. Indeed, it is thanks only to Jessie's genealogical researches that many of us will find ourselves here today to share this special occasion with her.

It is certainly the reason I find myself speaking on Jessie's behalf. For it was, of all people, the archivist of the Eagle Star Life Assurance company that brought Jessie and my father together, in January of 1981. Both were researching the life of Jesse Hobson, a Victorian Baptist preacher who doubled as the Secretary to the Eagle Star Life Assurance company. By one of those strange quirks of genealogical fate, it turns out that Jessie and Susan and I have the Reverend Jesse Hobson in common - he is our great grandfather.

Quite what he would make of this celebration - a sumptuous lunch, washed down with wine and champagne, and in a Bishop's Palace to boot - is not hard to guess. But I like to think the Reverend Jesse would be pleased and proud as well. Not only that not everyone here today has succumbed to the demon drink. But also that two of the minor tributaries of that great stream in English history since the Civil wars - the nonconformist conscience - once were bifurcated, but have now rediscovered each other.

For our great, great, great grandmother Ann Carey was not only the ultimate source of the non-conformism of the Hobsons - and, for all I know, of the Ridges too. She was also sister to the greatest of all the Baptist missionaries: William Carey, the first Protestant missionary to India, professor of Sanskrit, and translator of the Bible into several Indian languages.

Of the many gifts Jessie has shared with me over the years I treasure none more than The Story Of the Light That Never Went Out, a 573 page history of Protestantism in England - for younger readers. First published in the year of Jessie's birth, 1903, it was given to her by her grandfather in January 1914. In other words, the First World War had yet to begin when Jessie first thumbed through its pages.

Perhaps it was there that she read for the first time the best known aphorism of our ancestor William Carey. “Expect great things from God. Attempt great things for God.” And certainly Jessie has lived her long life in full accordance with those precepts. What God has given her in return, at least in this life, is the love and admiration and support of everyone in this room. And how astonishing that is. For most centenarians, not the least of the burdens of a long life is the steady loss of family and friends. Yet as I look round this room and at the different generations represented here, it is impossible not to be struck by Jessie's enormous capacity to make new families and new friends. So let us rise, as friends and family, new and old, tipplers and teetotalers, and raise our glasses to a truly remarkable life.'

Suttee

From The Times August 2002

It seems that despite all the endeavours of William Carey and more recent reformers suttee is rearing its ugly head again, despite the fact it has been outlawed for some time. A 65-year-old widow burnt herself to death on her husband’s funeral pyre in front of thousands of onlookers in the village of Tamoli. Though the police were called the onlookers pelted them with stones and cheered and clapped as the
widow died. Though the police arrested 15 people, at the time of the report they were still looking for the sons who were considered to be responsible and were facing murder charges.

A previous act of suttee was reported in 1987 when an 18-year-old widow died on her husband’s pyre in a remote Rajasthani village and caused national outrage.

**Edwards Family**
Sally Edwards

Eldest son Iain works as a barrister in Temple, London practising in criminal defence and immigration work. A long haul from law school 10 years ago! He has now turned 30 and has bought his first home in Southwark, almost walking distance to work! Twin daughter, Emily is happily married to Kevin and they live in High Barnet. Emily has left her law firm and now works for Price Waterhouse Cooper as a risk manager.

We are all experiencing some sadness this week as we have just said goodbye to Jeff (Emily’s twin) and his girlfriend, Anita, as they have returned to Australia. We had two wonderful years with them here in England and really got to know Anita. She is truly a part of our family (our ‘out-law’ because she’s not yet an ‘in-law’!!)

Young James is taking a gap year after success with his A levels and prior to going to Cardiff University to read business economics in September. He is currently in Peru (or maybe Bolivia by now?) having worked on 2 projects in Costa Rica - one an organic farm on the Pacific coast and the other a turtle project with leatherback turtles on the Caribbean coast. Can’t be bad! He’s travelled through Panama, over the top of Columbia to Peru and now, who knows where! He’ll be back mid-summer to get ready for Uni. This past year he also achieved his gold Duke of Edinburgh Award and had the presentation at Buckingham Palace.

I’ve also had a successful year having completed and passed my masters degree. I thought I’d give academia a break for a while but the opportunity arose for me to undertake a counselling course, and I’ve begun it! My working life is full as I’m now a community practice teacher for health visitors. I do enjoy the teaching on a one-to-one basis and always have a good relationship with ‘my’ student. I keep myself fit with the gym, aerobics and Pilates classes and feel well.

David has reached a milestone; he’s 60 and retired! And what a party we had for him! We held it at the same venue we had Emily and Kevin’s wedding and it was a wonderful evening. David and I went to New York for a long weekend to celebrate the occasion and now I have a househusband who has become most proficient in the kitchen!

**Tidbits**

From S P Carey’s writings:

‘... One later day, as I vividly remember, George Grenfell and Doke (one of our very own) piloted us in the “Peace” from Westminster to Chiswick on the first of her trial trips.’ (There was an article about the Dokes in the Newsletter for 2002)

**William Carey College, USA**

Mike Comber

We have made a link with this Baptist College in Mississippi who are interested in promoting knowledge of William Carey far and wide.

**Expect great things from God**
At the moment they display the Carey tree in PDF format. This, I must admit, is very difficult to explore as it is so large; but I will look into sending them copies of the various lines of descent from William, so making it easier to move around. They will also be publishing Carey photographs, but I still have a lot to scan before I send them. I hope they will put the newsletter on their web site in the near future. Their web site is: www.wmcarey.edu/carey
It contains a lot of interesting Carey information and is well worth exploring. The tree can be found in the legacy and reference sections. Good luck!

**Comings and goings**
The following members of the extended Carey family have died:
Patricia Carey 11 October 2001
Bishop Donald Nestor 10 January 2003
Peter Moakes 2003
Mario Graziano 2003 in Sicily
Philip Heselton 2003
Hellmut Hiddel 2003 in Australia
Roma Savege 2 November 2003 in Suffolk
Jane Kaye November 2003
Agnes Wrigley nee Carey January 2004 in New Zealand

We apologise if we have missed anyone out of this list but can only enter those we know about.

**Web Sites of interest**
Friends of Serampore
www.friendofserampore.org.uk
William Carey College
www.wmcarey.edu
Carey Grammar School
www.carey.com.au

**Family Letters of Dr William Carey**
A new book by Sunil Chatterjee.
This was published in 2002 by Sunil and is of interest to anyone with an interest in things ‘Carey’. Most of the letters are to Jabez, with some to his father, brother and sisters. There are still six copies available at £10 each including postage. Please contact Mike Comber.

**Friends of Serampore**
Are you a Friend of Serampore? If not perhaps you would consider the matter, I have enclosed a leaflet which tells you something about the group, that has been going for a long time now. It need not cost you more than £5.00 a year, but the amount you give depends entirely on your own generosity. You will find that several members of the Carey Family Association are already members. Please think about it!
If you are already a member then perhaps Family the form on to someone else.

**Committee**
Most of the members on the current committee have been on for several years. Fresh blood is always good for any body. Perhaps you would think about volunteering your services. Being on the committee is not arduous, especially now that we will not be having reunions, just one meeting a year. Please bear this in mind.

**Copying old photos**
If you have problems getting old photos copied or restored, then I can recommend Peter at the above phone number. Kay Carey passed on to me many old photos and some glass slides. When I tried to get these slides copied locally no one was interested. Luckily I came across Peter advertising in a Family Tree magazine. He copied the one shown below, taking great trouble to get the result just as I wanted, together with the names printed to best advantage.

£5.00 each including postage.

**Family Trees**
Mike Comber
If you want a copy of your branch of the Carey Tree then please contact me. Trees cost £5.00 each including postage. However, if you want the full Jonathan line it will cost you £7.00 or £10.00 for overseas members.
Committee members
Ruth Wrigley
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The Carey lectern in Westminster Abbey

William Carey’s birthplace.

Carey’s couch at Serampore, on which he died. (see photo page 2 of Dr Lalchungnunga sitting on this couch)

Carey’s shoe repair shop in Moulton